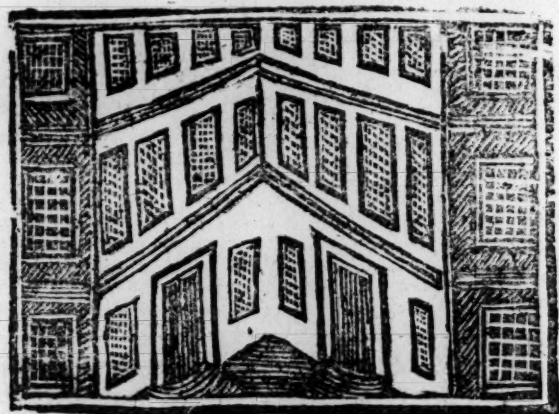


The AGE and LIFE of MAN;

O R,

A short Description of his Nature, Rise, and Fall, according to the twelve Months of the YE A R. to the tune of, *The Isle of Kils.*



UPON the Sixteen Hundred Year,
Of God and Fifty-three;
Frae Christ was born that bought us dear
As Writings testifie:
On *January* the Sixteenth Day,
as I did lie alone;
With many a Sigh, and sob did say
Making a heavy Moan.
Dame Nature the most excellent Bride,
Did hand me up before:
And said to me thou must provide,
This Life for to abhor:
Thou sees what Things are gone before,
Experience teacheth thee,
In what State that ever thou be,
Remember, Man, to die.
Of all the Creatures bearing Life,
Recall back in thy Mind:
Consider how they ebb and thrive
Each things in their own Kind:
Yet few of such a Strain,
As God hath given to thee;
Therefore this Lesson keep in mind
Remember, Man, to die.
Man's Course on Earth I will report,
If I have time and Space,
It may be long it may be short,

As God hath given thee Grace:
His Nature to the Herbs compare,
That in the Ground lie dead;
And to each Month add Five Years,
And so we will proceed.
The first Five Years then of Man's Life
Compare to *January*:
In all that time but Sturt and Strife
He can but greet and roar:
So in the Fields of Flowers are bare,
By reason of the Frost:
Keeping the ground both soft and sound
Yet none of them are lost.
So to Years Ten, I speak then,
Of *February*, but lack.
The Child is meek and weak of Spirit
Nothing could undertake:
So all the Flowers for lack of Showers,
No springing up can make;
Yet Birds do sing and praise their King
And each one choose their Mate.
Then in comes *March*, that noble arch,
With wholesome Spring and Air:
The Child doth Spring, to Years Fifteen.
With Visage fine and fair:
So doth the flowers with softening showers.
All spring up as we see;

Yet nevertheless, remember this
That one Day we must die.
Then brave *April* doth sweetly smile,
The Flowers do fair appear:
The Child is then become a Man
Of the Age of twenty Years.
If he be kind and well inclin'd,
And brought up at the School:
Then Men may know if he forth show,
A wise Man or a Fool.
Then cometh *May*, gallant and gay,
When fragrant Flowers do thrive:
The Child is then become a Man
Of Age twenty and Five;
And for his Life doth seek a wife,
His Life and Days to spend:
Christ from above send Peace and Love
And grace unto his End.
Then cometh *June*, with pleasant tune,
When Fields and Flowers are clad,
And *Phœbus* bright, is at his Height,
All Creatures then are fed:
Then he appears, of thirty Years,
With Courage bold and stout,
His Nature so, makes him to go,
Of Death he hath no Doubt.
Then *July*, comes with his hot Calms,
And constant in his Kind:
The Man doth thrive, 'till Thirty five,
Then sober in his Mind:
His Children small, do on him call,
And breed him Sturt and Strife,
His Wife may die, and so must he,
Go seek another wife.
Then *August* Old, both stout and bold,
When Flowers do firmly stand;
So Man appears to Forty Years,
With wisdom and command.
And doth provide, his House to guide,
Children and Family:
Yet do not mis't, remember this,
That one Day thou must die.
September then, comes with his train,
And makes the Flowers fade;
Then Man believe, is Forty five,

Grave, Constant, Wise, and Sad:
When he looks, on how Youth is gone,
And shall it no more see;
Then may we say, both Night and Day,
Have Mercy Lord on me
October's Blast, come in with Boasts,
And makes the Flowers to fall:
Then Man appears, to Fifty Years,
Old Age doth on him call:
The Almond tree doth flourish hie,
And Man grows pale we see:
Then it is time, to use this Line,
Remember Man to die.
November's Air makes Fields bare,
Of Flowers, of Grass, of Corn.
Then Man appears to Fifty five Years,
And Sick both Eve and Morn:
Loins, Legs, and thighs, without Disease
Makes him to sigh and say;
Oh! Christ on high, have mind on me,
And learn me for to die.
December fell, both sharp and snell,
Makes Flowers creep in the Ground
Then Man's threescore, both sick and so
No Soundness in him's found:
His Ears and Eyes, and Teeth of Boi
All those now do him fail;
Then may he say both Night and D
That Death shall him assail.
And if there be, through nature stre
Some that leave ten Years more;
Or if he creeps up and down,
'Till he come to Four score:
Yet all this time, is but a Line,
No pleasure can we see,
Then may he say both Night and Da
Have Mercy Lord on me.
Thus have I shewn you as I can,
The Course of all Men's Life;
We will return, where we begun,
With neither Sturt or Strife:
Dame Memory, doth take her Leave,
She'll last no more we see;
God grant that I, may not him grieve,
Ye'll get no more of me.